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DUMMIES, DARKIES AND SUPER SPADES

THE SAD HISTORY OF THE BLACK MAN IN MOVIES

STEPHEN FAY

ALSO: TERRY EAGLETON **ON THE MANY LIVES OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.** PATRICK M. McNAMARA **ON BISHOPS AND THE BARRIOS.** COLIN WESTERBECK, JR. **THE MAFIA IS THE MESSAGE.** EUGENE C. KENNEDY **RADICALISM AND THE RELIGIOUS LIFE.**

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NEWS & VIEWS

Drinan's Bid

The campaign of Father Drinan, S.J., for a seat in the Congress hasn't been the easy road many figured it would be after Drinan's stunning primary victory in September over Democrat incumbent Philip Philbin.

Reversing an earlier resignation to defeat, Philbin, 72, is running on stickers and flaying away at "ultra-liberal extremists" and outsiders who are pouring thousands of dollars "in a golden stream" into Massachusetts to do him in. It's a cynical tack, but not without appeal in a politically inbred district.

Drinan's Republican opponent, John McGlennon, is making hay, in the meanwhile, over the fact that Drinan cancelled a debate scheduled for Fitchburg, in order to go to Washington "for fund-raising and a kind of briefing session."

Finally, Drinan unduly complicated his own cause by declining to endorse Ted Kennedy during a radio talk show on WTAG, Worcester.

In Massachusetts, that's almost like being against motherhood.

Drinan sought to patch his political fence the next day in Gardner. He blasted the radio questioner ("she was baiting me with hysterical, indecent nonquestions"); blasted the *Worcester Telegram's* coverage (a "total distortion"); blessed Ted as "eminently qualified both intellectually and morally" for reelection to the Senate; and endorsed "the entire Democratic ticket."

Drinan supporters hoped that this would cool matters. It didn't, at least not completely. The *Worcester Telegram* came back with a transcript of the radio conversation. There seemed little doubt but that Drinan would indeed have preferred to hedge on Ted.

Harnessing Herbicides

The report of the investigatory team sent to Vietnam by the American Association for the Advancement of Science to study the effects of the military use of herbicides on health levels and the ecology is not due until the end of the year. Officials are already serving notice, however, that the report will be less than what it should be.

The reason, essentially, is that the AAAS team was given the glad-hand by the military—and the runaround.

The team was ferried, bedded and boarded beautifully; it had access to Ambassador Bunker, General Abrams and everyone else in sight. But when the team sought information about the 30,000 or so spray missions flown by U.S. planes since the war began, nix. Classified.

The data sought—namely, time and place of spray missions, and type and quality of herbicide used—are of basic importance, according to Harvard biologist Matthew S. Meselson, head of the scientific team. Failure to obtain the data will not destroy the value of the investigation entirely, Meselson told *Science* magazine. But it certainly constitutes "a major disability."

In Meselson's words, the AAAS study is thus reduced "to being a collection of disconnected pieces without a clear guide to the relative importance of each piece."

But a definitive probe of the impact of herbicides on Vietnam may not be down the drain altogether. *Science* notes that the military authorization bill which emerged recently from a House - Senate conference committee would finance a "comprehensive study and investigation" into herbicides by the National Academy of Sciences.

Funds for the study would come from the Defense Department's chemical-biological warfare program. It would be due Jan. 31, 1972.

The Latin Apostolate

The decline in vocations to the religious life among young men and women in the U.S. has placed the Latin American apostolate of the U.S. church in deep trouble, the prospect being that in the years ahead the church here will be unable to supply any substantial number of personnel to that part of the world.

The assessment is authoritative. It is contained in a report compiled by the Division for Latin America of the U.S. Catholic Conference.

The report notes that in 1968 there were 4,589 U.S. religious and lay missionaries in Latin America. The present number is 4,211, termed "a notable decrease."

The problem isn't one of dedication. Sixty-three percent of the men's communities and 52 percent of the communities of women indicate that they expect to maintain the present percentage of their professed members in Latin America over the next five years. But, says the report, "this again is a hope which may not come to fruition due to the decrease in vocations."

A good part of the report is given over to the lay missionary apostolate, and this section reads like a dirge.

"It is abundantly evident," according to the report, "that the lay missionary movement which opened the decade with such promise has not developed in the way most observers thought it would 10 years ago. At that time there some some 44 North American laymen serving as volunteers for the church in Latin America. Today there are barely twice that number . . ."

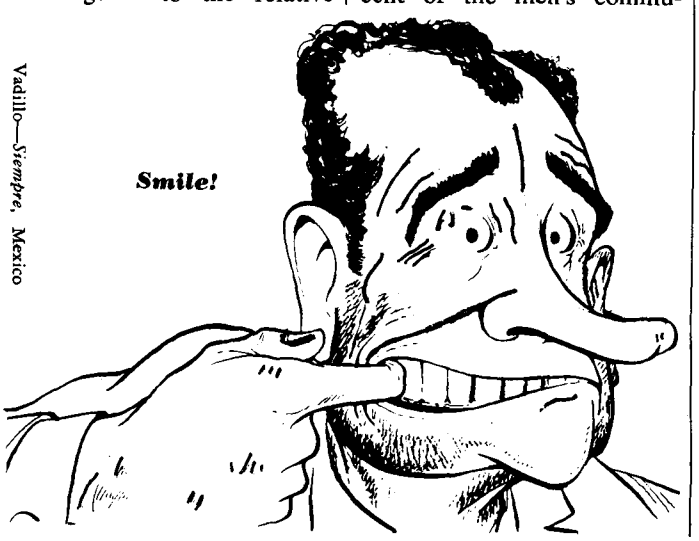
The report offers both positive and negative explanations for "this fading of a dream."

The negative: Americans are becoming more isolationist and less concerned about the welfare of their brothers; the failures and frustrations of many volunteers; "the very particular onus borne by any citizen of the U.S. in the Third World."

The positive (preferred by the bureau): a new consciousness among young Americans to the crises and needs in their own society; a sensitivity about indulging in "cultural imperialism"; the heightened awareness of the Latin American church that "there are certain things that only we can do."

The Division for Latin America isn't writing the lay missionary movement off entirely. "There will continue to be North American laymen working in Latin America," the report concludes. "It is most unlikely, though, that there will ever again be the large movement of generalist, short-term volunteers that was projected a decade ago."

However positively this may be framed, it still seems a sad picture. JOHN DEEDY



Vadillo—*Siempre*, Mexico

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CORRESPONDENCE

Genetic Engineering

New York, N. Y.

To the Editors: I read with benefit Mr. Peter Steinfels' column [Oct. 2, 1970] concerning genetic engineering. During a recent meeting of ministers and rabbis in Princeton, I suggested that a board be set up by thoughtful men within the religious field and humanities as well as concerned biologists, to examine the moral and social consequences of the imminent biological breakthroughs in the area of genetic control. Since I made the suggestion, it has been called to my attention that one procedure is already under active experimentation right now. Namely, doctors take, via a needle, a small amount of the fluid in which the fetus is floating in the pregnant woman, and determine on the basis of their analysis some of the genetical qualities of the fetus, specifically its sex and if the child is Mongoloid or not. While biologists are extremly reluctant to discuss the matter, I am told, authoritatively, that there have already been some abortions on the basis of this analysis. As these tests, known as amniosynthesis, have to be carried out when the embryo is 14 to 16 weeks old, abortion may be carried out by endangering the mother. Thus we have here a typical dilemma, what is "preferable" a Mongoloid child or endengering the mother? Or not knowing as against having a test which indirectly endangers the mother? Or having the test which would help reduce the number of Mongoloid children in the world, but at the same time opening the door to other genetic controls such as abortions which endanger the life of the mother so that the parents could have a child of the sex they prefer.

I am not saying that we should not have any of these. I am saying that before we go further in this direction, we should examine the moral and social issues involved. No board of the

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"WITHIN THE SYSTEM"

If the cause of "lawnorder" has continued to prosper, that of law and order has suffered some new setbacks. The President refused to counteract the growing skepticism about the electoral process, not only among the young but among the citizenry in general, when he vetoed the bill to limit and regulate political advertising on television. By reconsidering the tax-exempt status of public-interest groups taking legal action against pollution, the Internal Revenue Service appeared to vindicate the radicals' claim that "working within the system" was a hoax because the "system" would change the rules if one ever threatened to become too effective. In a study 1,115 pages long, the United States Commission on Civil Rights found that department after department has failed to enforce the laws which guarantee equal treatment to all Americans. Finally, with the kind of fanfare that will only increase the inevitable disillusionment, President Nixon signed the Organized Crime Control Act of 1970, a measure that not only will not solve the nation's crime problem but may eventually drag the legal system further into disrepute.

The emergence of television as a potent force in the presidential race a decade ago led many Americans to suspect that the essentials for election to political office were some millions of dollars and a winning personality. Today, the wonders of spot advertising suggest that all that is needed is some millions of dollars. It is reassuring, too, that many Americans have refused to be mollified by the fact that the TV route to office is open to both liberal and conservative millionaires. The evidence of TV's ominous effect on democracy is not yet all in, but it is mounting rapidly, even to the point that a major network commentator advocates banning *all* political spots. Apart from the strange sound of Mr. Nixon's complaints that Congress' effort to limit television spending were not "perfect" and favored the incumbent, the President has not matched his veto with any positive concern for a problem central to the nation's faith in democracy. democracy.

The Internal Revenue Service's action is no less a spur to cynicism. Ecology, after all, was once the Administration's own baby. The Administration apparently would like to see it remain as such—weak and in diapers. Ah, but children are ungrateful these days! They have a tendency to grow up and act for themselves. The citizen's suits which the I.R.S. move

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(and Administration opposition to the Hart-McGovern bill) would hamstring are the epitome of traditional legal process. What the I.R.S. action does, says Senator Mondale, "is to completely discredit the system." Perhaps, for its own reasons, the Administration prefers things that way.

The report of the Commission on Civil Rights, the most important one in the Commission's history, according to its chairman, Theodore M. Hesburgh, does not face a happier future than all the other reports recently filed by prestigious official bodies, in itself a rebuff for the case that methodical and careful investigation leads to governmental action. The failure to enforce legal provisions for civil rights, said Father Hesburgh, "weakens the fabric of the nation"—a phrase too many would like to apply selectively to other problems like campus unrest and pornography.

Some of the dangerous provisions of the Organized Crime Control Act of 1970, which, it might be noted, lacks even a definition of organized crime, may be overthrown by the Supreme Court. But what of the false hopes the measure inspires? What is grimmer to contemplate, is the possibility that the Administration is pursuing, knowingly or even by happenstance, what might be called the "Obscenity Commission strategy," that is, setting up by governmental action a target for demagogically focusing public resentment. In this case, the victim will be the Supreme Court, forced into the posture of "coddling criminals."

In all these instances, the President is only doing what politically comes naturally: preserving the GOP's TV advantage, protecting the Administration's big-business friends from pollution litigation, keeping a low profile on civil rights, and acting tough on crime. Today, such political expediency is a luxury the nation cannot afford. Respect for the rule of law ought to find more than a fair-weather friend in the White House. Law and order, as Mr. Agnew says, should begin at home.

AN APOLOGY

To all our readers who may have felt catapulted into middle-age, old age or even senility due to the effort of reading our recent issues, especially those dated September 25, October 2 and October 9, our apologies. A well-intentioned attempt to cut costs by employing a printer using a new method of production led to disastrous consequences, from wavering lines and spotty inking to well-nigh-impossible-to-read type. We regret the inconvenience all this has caused readers, and we are happy to announce a hasty return to our previous printer and tried-and-true methods, no richer certainly but, we hope, a little wiser. THE EDITORS

Bishops, PADRES And the Barrios

Mariachi bands, Our Lady of Guadalupe banners with accompanying legend "Hidalgo, Zapata, Juan XXIII, Lucey, Chavez," and a first episcopal Mass celebrated outdoors on a flower-strewn flatbed truck were a few obvious highlights of the consecration of the nation's first Mexican American bishop, Patricio Flores, in San Antonio last May. The 40-year-old auxiliary prelate said many of the things restless Chicanos, particularly the younger and better educated, have been waiting to hear from the Catholic clergy and hierarchy. Asked to identify the "greatest needs" of the Mexican American community, he zeroed in on "leaders with plenty of know-how to train the people how to help themselves; organizers with the ability to unite the masses into effective working groups; more Mexican Americans on our school boards, as school counselors, in city councils and in other policy-making positions . . . we need the presence of our own people who have a genuine concern for the problems of all the people." Catholic preaching, he felt, had overstressed salvation of souls. A re-evaluation of the Gospel message would show "a Christ also interested in the defense of the oppressed" and who "spoke out against the oppressors."

Bishop Flores, however, is by no means a lone clerical voice in the great southwestern deserts. Last fall saw the ground-breaking formation of PADRES (translated: Priests Associated for Religious, Educational and Social Rights). Though not limited to Mexican American priests, the latter form the core of the group's leadership. Strongly social action-oriented, the group's original proposal to the American Bishops' meeting last November called for support of Mexican American professionals who "must play a significant role in planning programs for Mexican American citizens." A mobile ministry of priests and religious in the southwestern urban communities would help barrio residents draw up and request specific anti-poverty programs and help locate qualified Chicanos to direct and administer them. At its first national conference in Tucson last fall, a temporary lay diaconate was recommended to supplement the endemic shortage of clergy in Spanish-speaking communities. Support for the boycott of California table grapes comprised another resolution. Still another called on the bishops to afford greater financial aid to Catholic schools in low income areas. While the priest organizers of the association disclaimed any identity as a "pressure group" on the bishops, it is obvious that many of their requests are tantamount to restructuring the southwestern church, e.g., asking that parishes in Spanish-speaking areas be run by teams of priests

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rather than by a single pastor, as is now the rule.

It is no accident that PADRES called for financial assistance to Catholic schools. Their plight is most critical in this region. San Antonio's archdiocesan superintendent of schools recently pointed out that Catholic schools in Bexar County have 9000 fewer students than they did in 1964. Mexican Americans, comprising almost 75 percent of the half million Catholics in the Archdiocese, are the victims. Creative programs do exist to upgrade the teaching of religion, particularly in Catholic high schools. But the real crisis centers around the vast majority of Chicano youngsters in the public schools. My own research carried out three years ago under the auspices of the Mexican American Study Project at UCLA suggested a marked failure of CCD programs to reach regularly even 25 percent of Mexican American public junior high and high school students in any southwestern dioceses. But the financial squeeze affecting Catholic schools throughout the nation is particularly acute in the poorer dioceses of Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona. Each fall during the past few years has seen the closing of schools in San Antonio, El Paso, and other cities. Unless massive financial asistance is forthcoming (from . . . ?), this trend will almost certainly continue.

The dilemma of the southwestern church, then, is this: that in a period of dwindling clergy and religious, faced with a large Catholic ethnic population growing at a very rapid rate, and with no appreciable increase in financial resources, the church is being challenged by its chief constituency (67 percent of Catholics in California, Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas, are of Mexican or Spanish descent) to put those resources on the line for this community. Ever since the Chicano protest at Midnight Mass in St. Basil's Church, Los Angeles' militant monthly *La Raza,* circulated widely throughout the Southwest, has presented a series of "demandas" by a group called "Catolicos por la Raza." Example: "We are demanding that the total power of the church must be used to implement the aims and policies of Chicanos involved in their struggle for liberation against the forces of repression." This is a tall order, even for tall Texan bishops and priests. And there is little likelihood that pressure will slacken.

A recent study sponsored by the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission showed discriminatory hiring in federal agencies and firms getting federal contracts in the Southwest; a U.S. Civil Rights Commission report did not hesitate to use the phrase "bleak picture" in describing law enforcement practices affecting Spanish-surname people of the region. Church officials will no longer be allowed the luxury of remaining in the background while these battles are fought in a strictly secular arena. They may well be asked to take a stand against the offending institutions, a stand calling for rare courage in church leaders already acutely aware of the financial vulnerability of the institution they represent.

More subtle and perhaps more crucial challenges remain, too. Those opposed to or pessimistic about the church's role in socio-economic reform may feel that the church performs most effectively as a shaper and changer of attitudes and even deeper levels of value commitment. Fine. But what about the bombshell-effect studies of the nation's top sociologists and psychologists of religion—Charles Glock and Rodney Stark, Jeffery Hadden, and most recently, Milton Rokeach? These studies converge to give us a disturbing portrait of the average regular church-attender. He seems no less intolerant of minorities than non-churchgoers and perhaps a little more so. To Rokeach's study, for example, respondents stressing "salvation" and "forgiveness" as the chief guiding values in their lives were predominant among those who felt, when asked their reaction to Martin Luther King's assassination, "he had it coming to him."

Well, at least Catholic Chicanos wouldn't react that way. Wouldn't they? Scarcely anyone in a sociology of religion class I taught recently at the Univ. of Texas at El Paso was surprised when a student reported a similar study he had made of the junior high school students he was practice-teaching—almost 100 percent Mexican Americans. Rephrasing Rokeach's question in a contemporary setting, he discovered that over 60 percent of the children felt the Kent State student victims "had it coming to them." Obviously this should not be read as an indictment of Mexican Americans as such. Why expect them to be any different from the silent majority? Would Catholic school students respond any differently?

These are questions for Bishop Patricio Flores and the priests of PADRES to ponder as they attempt to project the church's resources into the struggle for social and economic reforms in the Southwest. While they're at it, they might consider Jeffery Hadden's overwhelming evidence that Protestant lay churchgoers take a dim view of social involvement—marching, demonstrating, etc.—on the part of their clergymen. And the equally dismaying finding that two-thirds of 17,000 Protestant seminarians surveyed nationally a few years ago did *not* wish to enter the parish ministry. Inner city work, community organization, youth projects, apparently seemed preferable to fighting a congregation wishing to be comforted, not challenged. What about Catholic pillar-of-the-church-type laity, Mr. and Mrs. Rodriguez not excluded? And young John Cassidy or Juan Martinez in that upcoming ordination class at the major seminary? Parallels? If so, problems, and serious ones, lie ahead. At this point, the sociologist falls back on his favorite cop-out cliché: more research is needed.

PATRICK H. MC NAMARA

(*Patrick H. McNamara is a member of the sociology department of the University of New Mexico.*)

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PICK ANY COUNTRY

PETER STEINFELS

SUPPOSE someone told you to name a country where the richest one percent of the population held 28 percent of all wealth, while the poorer 50 percent of the population held about 8 percent. Where the upper 20 percent of the nation's families received 40 percent of the total personal income, while the lower 40 percent of the nation's families received only 17 percent of the income—and the poorest 20 percent received 5 percent of the total income. And where these percentages weren't changing much, except, that, perhaps, the rich were getting a little bit richer.

Which Latin American nation would one pick? Of course, if you simply are good at the games columnists play, you would have immediately named the United States. Which is right.

Every once in awhile, we rediscover how far from opulence many Americans are; and then, it seems, the discovery, or rediscovery, fades from public awareness. The last time around was on the occasion of the postal workers' strike. Not long before that, several New York postal workers had quit their jobs to live on welfare—and thus increase their income. The moral of the story was not that welfare payments are high—God and the poor know that they aren't—but that wages were so low. More recently a blue-ribbon panel of the New York Urban Coalition found that no less than a quarter million families in New York live on wages so low that they are eligible for welfare. City officials thought that the figure was too high; it ought to be a 100,000 less, they said. On the other hand, an author in the Summer 1969 issue of *The Public Interest* estimated that despite the fantastic increase in the number of families on welfare in New York in recent years, wage levels were such that the caseload would be *doubled* if everyone eligible applied. That author's conclusions were challenged in turn by a more recent contributor to *The Public Interest* who found that the number of families on welfare just about equaled those eligible.

Yet even this relatively optimistic article contained a host of depressing facts. One is the growing gap between white and black families in New York, a gap growing in both absolute and relative terms. (The rest of the nation does better than New York in this regard, however.) Another is the fact that while the percentage of families with incomes under $4,000 dropped sharply in the decade before 1960, there has been little improvemade since then. And this in a decade marked by fewer and shorter recessions, lower unemployment rates and a sustained economic boom. The same study showed that the lower middle-class white families may not have done so poorly as some of their advocates now suggest; but of course the statistics did not cover the recent period of rising prices which has cancelled out all but the steepest wage gains.

We have an uncanny ability—which is where I really started out this comment—to see or not see these facts as circumstances or ideology require. Recently I noted, in a book written by a scholar who prides himself on hard-headedness and optimism, some comments on our increasingly affluent and egalitarian income distribution. The comments were accompanied by a table which itself illustrated no such thing. It showed, rather, that family income was increasing steadily (again, before the recent price jump) but no more for the lower level than the upper ones.

America *is* affluent. That affluence is badly distributed. Very large sections of the population still have only a struggling, modest, frustrating share in it; and some groups remain almost altogether excluded. Simple facts, but we have the hardest time keeping all of them in mind simultaneously, instead of hopping from one to the other.

● In the diocesan press, my favorite sociologist, Andrew Greeley, has been flaying *Commonweal*, liberal Catholics, and their pomps and works. Particularly moving is Father Greeley's worry, "If Daniel Berrigan was in power, I would be in jail."

Luckily for Father Greeley, it is Daniel Berrigan who is in jail for the time being. Still, although I may disagree with what Father Greeley says, I will defend to the death his right etc., and therefore announce the formation of a Committee to Keep Andrew Greeley Out of Jail. Contributions may be sent care of Commonweal. They will be kept in escrow until the day Daniel Berrigan comes to power.

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Sen. Edward M. Kennedy

THE FORGOTTEN CASUALTIES

"THERE IS MOUNTING VIOLENCE AND WIDENING WAR. THERE ARE RAPIDLY RISING HUMAN COSTS . . . ARE WE AS A NATION SO MORALLY BANKRUPT THAT THE ISSUE OF WAR VICTIMS IN INDOCHINA CAN BE COMPUTERIZED OUT OF EXISTENCE?"

WITH THE spreading of war into Cambodia, fear has now gripped almost the entire population of Indochina, vastly increasing human misery, the flow of refugees, and the occurrence of civilian war casualties.

We are confronted today with a very serious regional crisis of people—millions of people—displaced within their country or fleeing across international boundaries. All are in urgent need of care and protection. And more than our government cares to admit, American military activities—especially the heavy bombing of many areas—is contributing much to this human toll of war.

In Cambodia alone, over the last four to five months the population of Phnom Penh has doubled—from some 700,000 to well over 1,000,000 persons. Provincial capitals and district towns throughout the country are bulging with new arrivals from the countryside. Thousands now live in squalor and filth in overcrowded refugee centers. Hospitals and dispensaries are overburdened with hundreds and thousands of civilian war casualties. The situation is growing so critical in Cambodia that international relief agencies in Geneva are now preparing for the possibility of famine next year, since many Cambodian peasants are not planting this year's rice crop due to the insecurity of the countryside.

In Laos—where we have been witnessing the familiar pattern of Vietnam in the destruction of the countryside, the generation of refugees, and the occurrence of civilian war casualties—the situation among civilians continues to deteriorate. Through such things as saturation bombing and the forced evacuation of population from enemy held or threatened areas, we have helped to create untold agony for hundreds of thousands of villagers, whom we are now finding difficult to handle in terms of simple humanitarian needs, let alone those strategic objectives which direct our official policy.

We have not learned that self-determination for a refugee in Laos is less a political aspiration than a simple geographic urge to return to his native hamlet and live in peace. We have not learned that the continuing and escalating pressures of war not only prevents this, but are destroying its very possibility.

In this respect, one of the greatest tragedies of the Indochina war has surfaced in the sad plight of the hill tribes in Laos, especially the Meo and Lao Teung. Most of the U.S.-sponsored paramilitary forces in Laos have been drawn from these tribes, and we now know that these forces and their dependents have paid an extremely heavy price in life and limb in recent years. Estimates in the field suggest that up to 50 percent of these people—perhaps as many as 200,000 men, women, and children—have already lost their lives in combat or from the hardships brought on by their service to our cause. The following excerpt from a recent internal memorandum of the U.S. Mission in Vientiane speaks for itself, and fully confirms expert testimony before the Judiciary Subcommittee on Refugees on May 7 of this year. The memo says, in part:

. . . we must recognize that inasmuch as a great measure of the effectiveness of a military force lies in its fighting heart and its numbers, as well as leadership and equipment, the Meos and Lao Teung are no longer the military asset they were in the past—particularly when weighed against the cost of their support in dollars and in all the psychological, social, humanitarian problems that develop from the manner in which they are employed.

In other words, they have been used to the hilt and as many of them are expressing—they have had it!

This situation requires a reassessment of our policies regarding the Meo and other hill tribes to the extent that humanitarian/economic factors may predominate over

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SENATOR EDWARD M. KENNEDY, *the senior senator from Massachusetts, is Chairman of the Judiciary Subcommittee on Refugees.*

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military considerations in charting our future courses of action regarding these peoples. We could, in effect, give them a fond thanks for their services and cast them adrift to shift for themselves, faced with the specter of starvation and/or being absorbed (with increasingly bitter memories of our abandonment) into communist-dominated areas. This of course would not be humanitarian or strategically sound considering our U.S. objectives in Laos. . . .

Our immediate problem . . . is what to do with the mass of refugees who are moving south and west into the already crowded hill areas of Xieng Khouang and Vientiane provinces. The 1,500 Black Thais as well as 39,000 ethnic Lao of Xieng Khouang province have already moved into the Vientiane Plain where they are either being absorbed into the population or will show up as a social welfare problem. . . . The hill people . . . are standing on a cliff so to speak, abandoned at present by their Lao government officials and looking to us to help them. . . .

For the friendly Meo that are located deep in northern areas and are cut off by commie forces, it is prudent that we not aggravate their situation by our continued support or use of them in such manner that will make them targets for enemy counter-measures. They are lost to us: let's leave them alone and not trigger further actions that will worsen their lot and/or have them added to our refugee burden.

And as if the deteriorating situation among the people of Laos, and the new problem in Cambodia, were not enough cause for urgent concern, the long standing problem of refugees and civilian war casualties continues to fester in South Vietnam. Despite official statements that war-related civilian problems are being solved, there is much to suggest that the basic situation has changed very little in recent years. The Subcommittee is distressed by the continued lack of urgency or active concern by Washington and Saigon for the social well-being and daily lives of the South Vietnamese people. A business-as-usual attitude continues to pervade much of our view of what needs to be done, and a false sense of optimism our view on what has been done.

It is a regrettable fact that the problems of the people are as overwhelming today as they have been in the past, and in some ways even more so.

We find that hundreds of new refugees are still being generated every day. We find that tens of thousands of old refugees, who presumably had returned to their villages, have now, again, become refugees—going back to the camps and squatter areas from which they have moved, back and forth, off and on, since the war first escalated in 1965.

We find that the hundreds of thousands—perhaps millions—of displaced persons, drawn to urban centers by the war and the insecurity in the countryside, are still not recognized as refugees. Their long ignored need for compassion and care has inevitably degenerated into a massive social welfare problem and the active breeding ground for unrest, instability, and new insurgencies. Recent developments involving veterans, war widows and refugees in Saigon, and the Thieu government's disregard of their plight, dramatically underscore the growing problems.

Despite claims that the war is "winding down," we find that by official records, at least 5,000 civilian war casualties are still being admitted to Government of Vietnam and U.S. military hospitals each month—an admission rate which has varied little in recent years and fails to reflect the larger number of casualties killed outright, or treated elsewhere or not at all.

We find that 44 percent of recent hospital admissions—some 12,000 during the first six months of this year—are registered in the Mekong Delta, where the lowest level of fighting is reported and where success in pacification is most highly publicized.

In other areas of South Vietnam, especially in the

Scars of the War

Some of the facts recently reported by Senator Kennedy's Judiciary Subcommittee on Refugees:

- Well over 500,000 refugees remain on the books in South Vietnam. Thousands more fall victim to the war each month.
- At least three million refugees—not on the books—remain in camps or urban slums.
- In 1969 the U.S. Mission in Saigon undertook a deliberate campaign to eliminate the refugee problem by systematically classifying it out of existence. Many refugees were "statistically resettled" while remaining in their old conditions.
- A threatened 25 percent budget cut in the USAID medical support program will undermine recent progress in civilian casualty treatment.
- The number of officially recognized refugees in Laos is approaching 300,000—including some 95,000 para-military personnel and their dependents.
- It is not uncommon for hospitals to be filled up to 200 percent of their capacity. Very severe shortages of medical supplies and personnel exist in Laos.
- Six days worth of bombing in Laos costs as much as the entire refugee budget for a full year.
- Some 200,000 ethnic Vietnamese remain in Cambodia, interned in compounds or living in Communist-held areas. There is little official concern about their fate.
- In less than six months, the war in Cambodia has probably generated nearly 1-million refugees besides displacing 400,000 ethnic Vietnamese.

"Refugee programs have always been designed around the U.S. budgetary cycle—attuned as much to fiscal years as to any factor in the field. They

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northern and coastal provinces, we find that civilian war casualties are being admitted to hospitals at increasingly high rates. In Phu-Yen Province, for example, 685 civilian war casualties were admitted during the first seven months of this year, as compared with 575 during all of 1969. Moreover, throughout the country major medical shortages are reported, especially in critical supplies such as blood plasma, making adequate treatment for war victims an impossibility in many areas.

The record, I feel, is clear on where we stand in Indochina. There is mounting violence and widening war. There are rapidly rising human costs. And there can be little doubt now that the intervention of American forces in Cambodia, the rising number of U.S. sorties over that country, and the increasing flow of American arms to the Lon Nol government, are contributing substantially to a new phase of struggle in Indochina and to the tragic plight of civilians throughout the entire region.

Our national interest does not lie in the continuation of the war, or an expanding U.S. involvement in it. It does not lie in the further destruction of the countryside in Cambodia, Laos or Vietnam. It does not lie in the generation of more war refugees and civilian casualties. It does not lie in the serious crisis of people spreading from one country to another like falling dominoes.

Rather it lies in an urgently needed effort by our government to focus more attention on the tough negotiations that are necessary to stop the violence and extricate ourselves from the war. It lies, as well, in a far greater effort to meet the vast human needs generated by the conflict.

There is serious question in the minds of many—especially among those who have long questioned the viability of our national policy in Vietnam and Indochina—whether or not there is time or energy to care for the civilian victims of the war. A similar thought, perhaps—although for different reasons—may also be running through the minds of some who stoutly defend that policy.

How else can we explain our government's downgrading of refugee and civilian war casualty problems in South Vietnam, its heavy cutting of the budget for such items as Vietnamese public health, and its deliberate evasion of any active concern for the massive welfare problems in Saigon and other urban centers?

How else can we interpret the low priority our government attaches to feeding malnourished refugees in Laos? How else can we understand that Cambodian refugees who were evacuated from the "sanctuaries" to South Vietnam by U.S. troops, were later returned, only to face destroyed villages, ruined fields, and no assistance to help rebuild their lives?

The U.S. is great and powerful. And as the recent history of Indochina illustrates so well, we freely use our influence and power in many ways and for many ends. But the power to heal, to salvage and rehabilitate the hapless victims of conflict—and the responsibility to minimize our contribution to the inevitable human toll of war—has never been exercised in a measure commensurate with the other uses of our power in South Vietnam, Laos or Cambodia.

Are we as a nation so morally bankrupt that the issue of war victims in Indochina can be computerized out of existence and swept into the pages of history without a greater effort to meet human needs?

To the extent that a serious effort is made to meet our humanitarian responsibilities to the people of Vietnam and all of Indochina, to that extent we may help to assure that the war victims—a significant cross-section of the people—will stand for at least something of what we gave more than 50,000 lives to gain.

There is much to be done for the war victims in Indochina. And there is much more our country must do to help.

have been programmed around various 'stages' of implementation, and reported in *quantified* rather than *qualitative* terms.

"The quantitive 'indicators of progress'—such as tin roofing distributed, kilos of rice allocated, latrines built, mileage of roads open, and so forth—are often dubious or irrelevant. Such reports from the field are computerized in the Hamlet Evaluation System (HES). The ratings that emerge from this process tend to have a rather definitive aura of Truth, even though officials say they use them only as 'guides' and not as final measurements. . . .

"But the fundamental question remains as to how durable such indicators of success are, and, more importantly, what they really say about *the capacity of the South Vietnamese government to sustain them.* Under the HES ratings there is a tendency to assume that because the countryside is 'quiet,' it is also 'pacified'—that because roads and canals are open the enemy no longer has the capacity to close them—that because there is a return-to-village movement, there is suddenly government control. But an observer can visit all too many of these newly 'pacified' areas—such as a model return-to-village area in Minh Duc District in Vinh Long—and see that while villagers have returned to a once abandoned area there is no real sign that the GVN has returned along with them *in any organizational way.* The villagers still remain vulnerable to the slightest change in security, because the GVN still does not have the capacity or will to really serve the people and *sustain* the peace. As a senior U.S. military adviser in the Delta put it, 'unless this is done, we can be here 25 years shooting Vietcong and still lose the war.' "

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THE JESUS FREAKS

SAVAGERY AND SALVATION ON SUNSET STRIP

PHIL TRACY

TWO FALCONS circle the hot stagnant air above the Hollywood foothills. They move in response to mysterious signals fed them by their master who stands some 40 feet below my terrace. He is lean, blond and just beginning to bald. He directs them in intricate patterns, bending them one way then another. Falcons are known for their ferocity. Their natural prey are field mice and rabbits but they can be trained to attack kittens, dogs, babies and even grown men. The man below is putting on a very sinister performance for his neighbors. Judging from his one-way sunglasses and the slight grin on his face, he is quite conscious of the tone he is setting. The scene is all so exquisitely symbolic. Teutonic evil set within a panorama of Los Angeles' yellow-brown horizon and successful America's plastic and plywood ranchhouses.

The fact that the falconeer was a gay insurance broker desperately fishing around for companionship and that the claws of both falcons were clipped is somehow equally fitting for L.A. Things in Los Angeles just never turn out to be what they look like on the surface. A winning candidate's election-night celebration winds up being a ballroom full of losers. A pretty girl met in a coffee shop turns out to be a teenage hooker strung out on smack. A late night rendezvous with members of a witches' coven develops into an innocent all-night beach party in Venice. Appearances are rarely connected to reality in Los Angeles. The inverse is usually the rule.

Sunset Strip is a further example of this converse perception principle. At first it doesn't look like much of anything; a dozen blocks of a boulevard that runs the width of Los Angeles and straight out to the ocean. A handful of topless go-go bars, eight or nine boutiques, the Playboy Club and a movie theater playing something called *Africana Sexualis*. The street people are of the typical variety—spare change artists, people selling the *L.A. Free Press* and a lot of well-dressed teenagers looking for excitement. The latter wear mod fashions that look as if they come straight from the windows of the boutiques. Certainly nothing much to write home about.

In a sense the Strip has always been overrated. Ever since Ed Byrnes played Kookie on "77 Sunset Strip" people all across the country have assumed the Strip was the center of whatever was happening in Los Angeles. In fact, L.A. has never had a center for anything, much less something as nebulous as "what's happening." Instead there is a whole conglomeration of different scenes—jazz scenes, hip scenes, rock scenes, movie-star scenes, all spread out over an area about the size of Rhode Island. But myths are hard things to lay to rest, especially when they're confirmed by something as potent as the idiot box. When the children of Captain Video first started coming out of their pretty plastic and wall-board homes along around 1965, naturally the first place they went was Sunset Strip. Hence the boutiques, the street people and the blanket of cops that patrol the turf. Yet in the beginning there was nothing but a small collection of sleazy bars.

A couple of years ago the cops and the kids fought a small war over the Strip. There were lots of arrests and a fair amount of blood, mostly young blood. The cops eventually won and today the ratio of cops to kids is something like one to five—not bad odds when you remember that each cop carries six bullets in his pistol. The police patrol the Strip in pairs, one pair on each side of the boulevard, plus three patrol cars with two-man teams. They walk up and demand identification on whim alone. In a hip pool hall located half-way up the street, two policemen make the rounds giving the clientele the once-over on an average of once every half-hour, complete with shining flashlights in people's faces. All this is done in a very heavy atmosphere of hostility but the kids no longer offer resistance. In this case, the spoils of the victors include the right to harass.

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At least that's the way the Strip looks at first glance. Look a second time and you start to see an entirely different picture. For one, behind the sullen resentment the kids display for the police there is usually a flickering of fear, the kind of fear a shoplifter displays when the clerk calls him back to the counter. A second consistency is the manner in which the cops harass. They move a bit too cautiously; their posture is that of someone frisking a felon for weapons rather than searching a teenager for pot. One cop does the searching while the other covers his partner's back. The police play far too seriously for people involved in casual harassment.

There is something else that sets off shivering warning waves somewhere in the back of your brain—a kind of subtle savagery you can't describe or point a finger to but only feel. In a greasy coffeeshop a few doors from the well-patrolled poolroom long-haired freaks sit in vinyl-covered booths, bathed in the ugly brightness of a grimy neon light, drinking coffee from styrofoam cups at 26 cents a shot. They talk in jumbled phrases and staccato sentences; a kind of verbal hieroglyphics in which all the words have secret meanings. Not hip talk, not even jive, something closer to the mumbling of a dying man watching his life pass before him.

After awhile it becomes obvious. The place is full of junkies. Outside on the Strip there are 20 or 30 dealers pushing speed, smack, cocaine—a poison for every pleasure. At first you're embarrassed at having missed something so obvious, but slowly it dawns on you that none of the traditional signposts that mark out a spot as a dealer's haven are present. No dark alleys or recessed doorways. No burnt-out cases or people on the nod. And the clientele—the clientele are all those well-dressed teenagers walking up and down the Strip. I used to think I could spot a junkie. I used to think I could clue out any scene. The junkies of Sunset Strip stole half my self-confidence in that area. The Jesus freaks on the Strip took the rest.

The Jesus freaks are a phenomenon indigenous to Los Angeles, although the spring sprouts of this latest wave of evangelism have already been sighted in half a dozen other cities. Briefly, they are acid graduates, students of smack, mescaline majors, speed freaks—all having forsaken their individual narcotic nirvanas for the joys of Jesus. They have not deserted the accoutrements of counter-culture. The hair is still long, the clothes a potpourri of hand-me-downs, original creations or serviceable army surplus. Their talk is fairly hip when not communicating their "love for Jesus." Other than that, however, you might as well be standing in front of a blue-grass Baptist minister with the voice of Jesus ringing in your ear.

My first encounter with the Jesus freaks occurred shortly after my revelation that the Strip was full of smack freaks. A young girl, perhaps 19, with long, loose blond hair and a tie-dye T-shirt approached me and inquired matter-of-factly, "Have you been saved?" Still smarting from my newly discovered innocence, I assumed she was a street-peddler for some super-drug and answered "No, I haven't tried it." I was then treated to a five-minute tirade that began with something like, "Well you had better get saved tonight! Do you know that if God calls you tonight you will burn in a lake of fiery lava for all eternity." That's not a direct quote. Frankly, I wasn't taking notes. I hadn't heard anything like that since Brother Alphonso preached a homily at Sunday Mass during my senior-year retreat back in high school. The young girl in front of me looked nothing like Brother Alphonso.

A few consenting nods and a couple of weak smiles later my friend and her new-found penitent were off to find the private bus that cruises the Strip to pick up people for the evening service. A further revelation crushed my ego. Some of the people I'd spotted a few minutes ago as dealers now turned out to be latter-day evangelists. No wonder the cops are nervous. How do you enforce the law when you can't tell the pushers from the priests. A crowd of 20 people were standing around on one corner rapping about the love of Jesus when down the Strip comes this bus. My God! It's red, white and blue, and where the cardboard ads are supposed to be there's a screaming psychedelic sign saying "Jesus Saves." And the little window above the driver that says where the bus is going? You guessed it. Heaven. Well everybody piles into the bus and as it lumbers down the Strip, past the smack heads and the boutiques, the passengers start singing "I'm on my way to the promised land."

Headquarters for Tony and Susan Alamo's Christian Foundation is a two-story white frame house located some six blocks from the Strip. The scene on the spacious front lawn is reminiscent of the SCLC's Atlanta office in years past. Forty or so young people are scattered around in various positions, bumming cigarettes, eating dinner, looking for a place to crash or simply talking to each other. Only on this lawn there is only one topic—Jesus. Everyone greets you with "Praise Jesus" and they all seem to end their sentences with the same phrase, using it as a kind of evangelical exclamation point.

As you might imagine, conversation gets rather repetitious pretty fast. Another interesting aspect of talking with members of the Christian Foundation is their continuous use of scriptural quotations to answer questions or make points. Mention that a personal God seems a mighty difficult concept to carry in this age of electronic holocaust and thermonuclear despair and you get a quote from Matthew about how you first seek the kingdom of God and everything else will fall into place. Point out how the churches of Jesus seem to work hand in glove with the very people who seem to be oppressing the people of God and you get the old

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"whited sepulchers" bit as an answer. Honestly confess that there is nothing in your heart that relates to the idea of one supreme being whose son was Jesus Christ and you are told that if you only believe you will become a believer.

Traditionally there has always been a failure to communicate between the believer and the un-believer. Such non-communication is implicit in any definition of the two visions. What is disturbing about talking to the Jesus freaks is their unwillingness to use their own words to tell you what they think. It's as if they do not trust their tongues to tell what faith is supposed to have sealed in their hearts.

Services at the Christian Foundation begin each night promptly at eight. The main living room of the house serves as a chapel, while members of the congregation sleep in the rooms upstairs. Anywhere from 15 to 40 converts may be staying at the house at any given time. Eventually those that do not drift away are sent to other cities to spread the word. There's a community kitchen in the back of the house and a backyard where bible studies are conducted for the faithful each afternoon. When you first enter the building the atmosphere is similar to riding a rush-hour subway car full of freaks. The body odor is heavy and the cramped quarters intensify any motion so the rooms look filled with a bobbing mass of bodies. The chapel comes complete with folding chairs, a small half-foot-high stage and ushers. One in particular looked like a reject from the Hell's Angels with his black leather jacket and matching wrist guard. The others were more conventionally dressed in bell-bottoms, blue jeans or granny dresses. Nobody wore a carnation.

The congregation is not much different from the people on the lawn. A sprinkling of up-tight transposed Southerns who have obviously fallen upon bad times dot the long-haired audience, but the average age is still under 25. Four or five young musicians are up on the make-do stage and they begin the service with an electronic rendition of "Rock of Ages." Just as they're getting into the hymn, Tony and Susan enter the house. Utter pandemonium ensues. People waving their arms in the air and moaning the way the natives used to moan whenever the volcano blew up in those old MGM spectaculars. The last time I saw such adulation was when the Beatles played Shea Stadium to a packed house. A young girl next to me nearly fainted from exhilaration at the sight of the pair. And what a sight they make. Tony looks like a used-car salesman and Susan looks like a used-car salesman's wife. Tony is wearing a bright blue shiny suit that you could comb your hair off. In his late thirties, the paunch is just beginning to show while flecks of grey dot his drill-sergeants-length hair. Susan is what some people call a "bubble head"; bleached blonde with the curls piled up on top of each other in some kind of synthetic beehive effect. They look like the kind of couple that the Playboy Club might turn away for being passé. After a couple of minutes the moaning dies down and Tony starts rapping to his houseful of freaks.

"Do you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ? Do you believe his blood has the power to wash away our sins? Do you believe that you are a wicked deceitful sinner and that only the love of Jesus can keep you from eternal damnation? Have you been born again into the spirit and love of Jesus? Oh Jesus, come to us now, your sinful servants, and clean our soiled and wretched hearts and make them pure for you. Let us pray!" That was openers. It got a lot heavier as the night wore on. After this initial prayer, a young girl who couldn't have been past puberty was led up the aisle for the laying of the hands on the head. Later I was told this is a kind of stop-gap measure and the real rebirth takes place on Sunday mornings at a beach down by Venice complete with total immersion. Most of the words spoken by Tony and the girl were inaudible from the back but when they were finished another wall of moans went up from the prairie of outstretched arms.

Any further description of the services would be bordering on the edge of tedium. The revivalistic rock and roll band played several more jazzed up spirituals and Susan made a dramatic announcement about the Lord sending a check for $553 which enabled the foundation to buy a seven-acre plot of land up in the Santa Monica Mountains. A pretty nifty trick, even for the Son of God, considering that it was the exact sum needed to meet the down-payment. The announcement predictably, brought the highest pitch of joy and celebration reached that evening, even while failing to shed much light on who served as the Lord's proxy or who held title to the land. But such considerations are understandably minor among friends and who would be so foolish as to kick a gift horse in the mouth; especially when the donor is God himself.

After the service, which ended strangely enough on a low key, the crashers and full-time members of the Foundation adjourned to the backyard for a dinner of vegetables and rice. Susan split the service early, complaining of a headache, and Tony disappeared shortly thereafter so the dinner hour was somewhat leaderless. One guy gave the blessing and different people read selections from the bible throughout the meal, but no one could actually be described as in charge of the proceedings. Discussions rambled among several individuals whose association with the Foundation varied from a couple of days to several months.

My street apostle with the tie-dye blouse reappeared with a couple of plates of supper and between mouthfuls of brown rice and scriptural quotes we discussed how she had come to accept Jesus and put an end to her life of sin and shame. The story she told was a typical, if not familiar one. Eighteen and just out of

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high school she and three friends left Albany, N.Y. hitching their way across country. Somewhere in Colorado she was separated from her friends and she thumbed a lift to L.A. by herself. Once in the city she headed straight for the Strip. There she met a nice young man who offered to put her up for awhile until she could get on her feet, get a job and find a permanent place to stay.

There the idyllic part of the story ends. The nice young man turned out to be a speed freak who shot her tender body full of crystal methodrene and rented her out by the hour while the drug put her brain through the seven layers of hell. Three days and a couple of dozen lovers later she found herself back on the Strip sans everything she owned but the clothes on her back. The Jesus freaks picked her up in the nightly dredging operation. She's been with them ever since. Can anybody blame her?

Not all the people connected with the Christian Foundation arrived there by such a grisly route. Some come from rural communities where the evangelical spirit is not unknown. Drugs, sex and the counter-culture underlife can also be looked at as moral aberrations once the sinner confesses to Christ. It may seem a long way from LSD to preaching the word of Jesus but it isn't if somewhere in your past there was a minister exhorting you to "give your life to Jesus." But not all the Jesus freaks have bible-belt backgrounds or gang-bang nightmares. What seems to have brought most of them into Tony and Susan's orbit is the fact that Tony and Susan give a shit whether they live or die. A plate of brown rice and an empty spot on the floor may not look like much to middle America but out on Sunset Strip where nightly people trade degradation for a white powdered death, they stand for something mighty important.

Isn't it a beautiful world in which God's children employ so blatantly manipulative recruitment techniques? Isn't it a lovely land where the best response a society can manage to the wholesale desperation that flourishes on Sunset Strip is a flashlight in the face and a ten-second frisk? Isn't half the counter-culture a rosy crucifixion and most of the dominant culture an ersatz capitulation? And if that's the case, how shall the children of Woodstock make a choice between such paltry alternatives?

Driving out of Los Angeles on my way to Bakersfield, my broken-down, scotched-taped '59 Plymouth passed the Christian Foundation's red-white-and-blue 50-man chariot on its way to the newly acquired seven-acre promised land. For a moment I was tempted to follow them. Bakersfield averages 105 degrees during the summer months and the people were reportedly mean (the reports proved for the most part accurate). In the end the bus veered to the right and I continued speeding along the eight-lane super-freeway. I have no patience with myopic answers or final solutions. But I wonder how much longer any of us can cope with the vague, uncertain non-answers our world has been presenting us recently? On the street (and any city with a population of over 50,000 has one) they say "sugar and shake"; the sweetness of today and the fear of tomorrow. It strikes me that there's a lot more shaking then sugar in the air. "What rough beast" will visit us tomorrow?

THE ERA OF DUMMIES AND DARKIES

AN ARGUMENT COULD BE MADE FOR THE CASE THAT THE SINGLE, ALL-CONSUMING AMBITION OF THE SCREEN DARKIE WAS TO TEACH SHIRLEY TEMPLE TO DANCE

STEPHEN FAY

It is not surprising, though it is certainly significant, that the three best remembered black film stars of the first half of the century are Buckwheat, Farina and Mickey Mouse. While it could hardly be contested that Buckwheat and Farina, those endearing ragamuffins of the "Our Gang" series, were popular black screen personalities, some might challenge the legitimacy of including Walt Disney's renowned rodent in the thin ranks of Negro film stars on the grounds that Mickey, (though black), was not human. Indeed he was not human—a characteristic which makes him eminently qualified for membership in any grouping of Negro screen actors, none of whom was human.

There has been, and there still is, an odious trend in the American cinema to avoid depicting the black man as a human being. This "inhuman" tendency has brought about cinematic efforts in which the black man has been portrayed as anything from an imbecile to an Albert Schweitzer, but with painfully few exceptions a living, feasible black human being has not been on the American screen. The treatment of the Negro in American movies has been an incredible, outrageous business. Yet, the sometimes racist, sometimes silly attitude of

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Hollywood towards the blacks has undergone a fascinating evolution.

The Negro arrived on the American screen in 1910 when Vitagraph Studios released the first film version of Harriet Beecher Stowe's classic of condescending honkyism, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. The attitude of the movie-makers toward the slump-shouldered, tongue-lolling blacks in this primitive flicker was made clear by the words they used to advertise their wares:

> It will be the real thing in every respect—real ice, real bloodhounds, real actors and real Negroes!

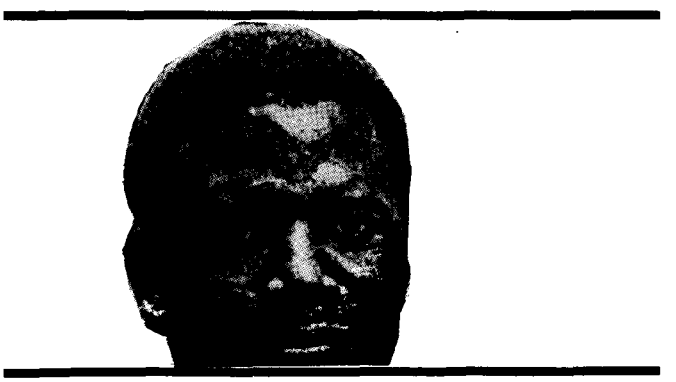
These innocent and unsophisticated days of calling a spade a spade were short-lived. With the release of D. W. Griffith's *Birth of a Nation* in 1915, a blow was struck for white supremacy with such frankness that future attempts to demonstrate this principle were doomed to be anti-climactic. For one thing, the Ku Klux Klansmen are depicted as severe, but nevertheless just, preservers of the law in the chaotic, antebellum South. The folk-image of the black man as a walking phallus is personified in Gus, an emancipated slave whose one aim in life is to rape the ivory-skinned, golden-haired daughter of his former master. He nearly succeeds in getting her between the sheets when the noble band capture Gus and hang him.

Though the Ku Klux Klan's popularity has diminished in most responsible circles, the mythology about the black man, particularly in regard to his alleged lust for white flesh, is still accepted as truth by people who should know better. One such person is William Styron who perpetuated this bit of mythological cockamania in his Pulitzer Prize-winning novel, *The Confessions of Nat Turner*. The portrayal of the black man in *Birth of a Nation* was not merely libelous; considering the fact that the "Negroes" in the film were actually white actors playing blackface, the film comes off as a blatant fraud.

Still, these early films were experimental and uncertain. It was not until the early twenties that the experience and judgment of film-makers crystalized into a recognizable form: comedy. These were the films of a more naive era, when audiences could laugh at the confusion of Willie Best without feeling guilty, or see something of their grandmothers in Louise Beavers without consulting their analysts. In the light-hearted realm of comedy of the twenties and thirties, one can discern two distinct types of screen blacks: the Dummies and the Darkies.

Every ethnic group of the screen had its archetypal personality back then, i.e., Edgar Kennedy: the ultimate Irish cop; Richard Loo: the consummate rat-fink Nip of the war films; Elisha Cook Jr.: the supreme squealer. In the black cinema, the archetypal Dummy was the marvelous Mantan Moreland. Don't be too hasty in claiming you've never heard of Mantan Moreland. Remember that slight, saucer-eyed, shiny-skinned black man who has always played the part of either a night-watchman in a cemetery (into which the Three Stooges invariably stumbled), or the porter in the sleeping car of a train on which Abbot and Costello were traveling. The scenes featuring the Dummy were unfailingly similar: while inspecting the darkest corner of the cemetery, or while sweeping up a dimly-lit corridor of the train in the wee hours, the Dummy would hear a suspicious sound. His eyes would widen to impossible hugeness, his ears perk up and his mouth tightens into a grimace of nameless terror. Then . . . slowly he turns, his features quivering involuntarily, and he finally wheels about to confront . . . Lawdamercy! a mud-caked Oliver Hardy, or a horribly reddened Huntz Hall who has just emerged from a vat of catsup. The Dummy's reaction to all this? Boinnng! A magnificent double-take, his cap magically leaps from his head, his eyes start from their sockets and he whispers down to his legs which are quivering like so much Jello: "Feets, get goin'!" With a final yelp he races away and dives through a window or races down the road (hurried along by a speeded-up camera) and disappears over the horizon.

Everyone laughed, but it was not with a malicious laughter that audiences regarded the Dummy's antics;



it was with the innocently cruel mirth of children. Similar innocence, though one might call it ignorance, was demonstrated by film-makers in their characterization of the second type of black funnymen of the twenties and thirties, the Darkie.

An excellent argument could be made for the case that the single, all-consuming ambition of the screen Darkie was to teach Shirley Temple how to dance. The ultimate exponent of Darkie-ism was "Bojangles Robinson," whose combination of shuckin' and jivin' humor and light feet would have touched the heart of Stephen Foster.

As mentioned, the Darkie's happier hours were spent with the dimpled child prodigy of the good ship Lollipop. In *Bright Eyes* and *Little Miss Broadway* black butlers taught Shirley the merits of singing a cheerful song when she felt low; in *The Little Colonel* the Negro house-servant tutored her in the joys of tap-dancing up the stairs.

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As the years passed, the Darkie reluctantly shuffled off the screen. But he would not be forgotten. He had performed great services for his white masters: in *Birth of the Blues* he taught Bing Crosby how to play the clarinet. His terpsichorean influence on Shirley Temple cannot be over-emphasized. He was more dedicated than Lassie: he even returned from his cinematic grave in the fifties to give Danny Kaye a new lease on life in *The Five Pennies.*

The black man of the screen had to stay at home with the women and children during World War II while John Wayne and Errol Flynn were making the world safe for democracy. As everyone knew, fighting the war was men's work, so the Negro of the films was temporarily out of work. But after Superman had foiled the last, desperate, secret invasion plans of the Nazis, and Dana Andrews and Frederic March had returned from the front, a new black phenomenon appeared on the screen. The Negro of the postwar films was the product of a startling discovery in Hollywood: the word leaked out that the Emancipation Proclamation had been ratified. Further, rumor had it that some blacks (and not just the uppity ones) were a bit discontented with their status in the United States.

For a fleeting moment on the American screen the racially "aware" film came to the fore. Among these gems were *Pinky, Lost Boundaries,* and *Band of Angels.* All of these films, and others of the genre, were disasters. They supposed they could depict the problems and concerns of the Negro in white America, but in so trying they left out one essential detail: the Negroes. In *Pinky* Jeanne Crain played the part of the social-climbing black girl; in *Lost Boundaries* it was Mel Ferrer (talk about ethnic versatility: he portrayed a sulky Jew in *The Sun Also Rises*); in *Band of Angels* Yvonne de Carlo went blackface.

Though the above mentioned films were box-office flops and generally worthless, the treatment of the American Negro hit the most memorable low with the brief fling moviemakers took at producing black sexploitation films. *I Passed For White,* was the ultimate insult in this area, and it eminently deserved to be awarded a libel suit from the NAACP.

Things were looking pretty grim for the screen Negro of the late fifties. They were losing what little ground they had: the Three Stooges had a corner on the Dummy market; Gene Kelly could dance circles around the docile Darkie; and there was no way on earth moviemakers could return the Negro to the cinematic cotton fields and watermelon patches. Hope was finally found in the massive frame of folklore's epitome of black power, John Henry.

A score of films were released in the late fifties and early sixties in which (somewhere in the lower ranks of the cast) a muscular, taciturn black man could be found. The feature spot for the John Henry in these movies always involved some incredible feat of strength or physical prowess. In *The Devil At Four O'Clock* he hefted a sagging bridge which was about to tumble into a gorge so that the less powerful white people could scurry across. Then he died. In *The Dirty Dozen* he did in most of the Nazi general staff to save his white comrades. Then he died. In *Dark of the Sun* he wiped out a nest of feisty cut-throats and rescued his white co-star from certain doom. Then he died.

The John Henry genre was a popular one, but it, unfortunately, died out (literally).

And Then . . .

Like the Tin Woodsman and Scarecrow of *The Wizard of Oz,* the black man of filmdom longed for a heart and a mind. A new image was needed. As civil rights legislation passed in Congress, so too was equality demanded for the Negro of the screen. The film world responded to this urging with a singular lack of temperance and judgment, creating the most astonishing, breath-taking screen phenomenon since the day Colin Clive unveiled the first Frankenstein monster: Sidney Poitier, alias Super Spade.

A Super Spade is a perfectly incredible amalgam of the best parts of Socrates, Abe Lincoln, Popeye, Sherlock Holmes and Jesus. His overwhelming virtue is not that he possesses more zip and joy than Rootie Kazootie, nor even that he is more wise and perceptive than the Shadow; everyone loves Super Spade because he is not too black. His features are not too Negroid, his skin is not too dark.

A Super Spade performs more miraculous missions of mercy in a single day than any white man could effect in twenty years. In one of the first films of this genre, *Lilies of the Field,* Poitier rescues a band of needy nuns from financial disaster, assists an impoverished padre in his struggle against demon rum, single-handedly constructs a chapel out of sticks and cow dung, then quietly slips off, leaving the grateful objects of his benevolence wondering (as did the Lone Ranger's beneficiaries): "Who was that man?"

In *To Sir With Love* Super Spade transforms a wretched classroom of greasy pachucos and aspiring whores into young ladies and gentlemen of refinement. By his good example alone he revamps the entire British educational system. He further demonstrated, in his spare time, that he could box like Joe Palooka, dance like Rudolph Nuryev, and cook like Julia Child.

Super Spade hits his peak in *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner.* In this abominable effort he is not only dashing, handsome, sexy and articulate—he is the greatest doctor in the history of medicine. He has garnered more awards and Nobel Prizes than you could fit into Fibber McGee's closet.

Superlatives cannot do justice to Super Spade, much

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as film-makers can seemingly do no justice to the black man. Arguments to the contrary become untenable in light of the most recent addition to the continuing adventures of Super Spade, *The Lost Man*. In this timely delight Sidney Poitier portrays a black militant, (about as successfully as Knucklehead Smiff could portray William F. Buckley). In fact, to our great relief, Sidney turns out to be a Robin Hood of the ghettos, not really black, not really a militant.

More recent films are sufficiently dismal to warrant my belief that these movies are crummy and due to get crummier. *Putney Swope* (which came out last summer) billed itself as something different. In fact, it is in the billing itself that one may find a grand insight as to just how 'different' *Putney Swope* is. The newspaper and theater ads for *Putney Swope* featured a black hand earnestly flipping the bird. And though the film had some really funny bits, it was essentially comprised of vengeful vignettes in which blacks flipped the metaphorical bird to whitey. The black man is shown beating white America at its own games, but who cares? Why should blacks want to play at white man's games? This whole effort, which reaches a horrid low with the Black Miss America Contest, is a drag and a waste of time.

A real treat was *Change of Mind,* which sought to illustrate the difficulties of adjustment faced by a white man whose brain was planted in a black man's body. Or did it concern the problems of a black man with a white man's brain? The resolution to this enigma is the same as that provided for the great Cert's controversy: he was two men in one! However, everyone in the film hated both of the men he was and, in the end, he left in disgust, (which is what the audience had been doing since the opening credits).

The movie I really had hopes for was *Cotton Comes to Harlem*. The product of an articulate black staff of writers, directors and actors, it seemed that at last the black man would be fairly represented. But *Cotton* was the same old hodge-podge of natural-rhythm and 'nigger jokes.' There was a small compensation: for every nigger joke there was a honky joke; for every black junkie there was a corrupt white cop. *Cotton* suggests a kind of equality that is less than encouraging: we are all murderers, boobs and creeps.

Thus, under the banner of up from knavery the black man of the films has evolved. Though in 1935 Charles Bickford could kick his black coolie in the teeth with his hobnail boots in *The Plainsman,* the 1968 remake of that film would tolerate no such cruelty. The black man has been awarded a mind and a heart (though both of these "advances" have been made with unpalatable clumsiness). Yet the Negro of the American films has always been, and still is, a fraud, a joke, or an insult. After sixty years of trial and error (and mostly error) the black man depicted on the screen remains unreal and consistently comes up lacking. What does he lack? Need we ask? He got no *soul*.

And herein lies a possible resolution to half a century of foolishness. What is needed in the film world is segregation. A recent ray of hope entitled, *Nothing But A Man,* endorses this suggestion, as it was made entirely by a black film staff. For who but a Negro can portray a Negro, and who should coach him but a black man, and who should mobilize him but a black screen-writer? Will this emerging trend last? Will this one bit of rationality and sanity survive, or will the executives of Hollywood continue to serve a more aware audience the same vapid plate of warmed-over blackface?

MIXED MAFIA

THE SCREEN

Borsalino is a film about Franco-Italian gangsters in Marseilles. *The Conformist* is about Italian Fascists in Rome and Paris. Both films are, in other words, elaborate treatments of Europe during the thirties. Both were shot in color with expensive sets, props, cars, etc. Unfortunately, however, both films are also limited to (or perhaps by) a merely decorative kind of success. Neither works on the most elementary level, as melodrama. The result is like fifteen rounds of shadow-boxing. There's lots of style and mock violence—but no contest, which makes them pretty tedious to watch after awhile.

Everything that happens in *Borsalino* somehow aids or abets the partnership of Roch (Alain Delon) and Capella (Jean-Paul Belmondo). Their lives are well appointed with the things a gangster needs: women and gangland rivals. And the film's director, Jacques Deray, never lets such appointments become a moral alternative for either better or worse. Each of the women is eventually left behind, unmourned or forgotten, in the cutting room. At one point, for instance, Capella flirts with a girl he knows to be the mistress of a Marseilles *capo de capo*. This indiscretion leads to a gang war in which the girl is killed. But Capella hardly notices the loss. It's not that Capella is heartless: it's just that Deray can't take time out from advancing his hero's career.

Even the opposition offered by other gangsters is a loyal opposition. Like the women, older hoods the two partners must bump off intrude in the story as little as possible. When Roch finally confronts one of them face to face (in order to murder him), a pet cobra in a tank can be seen in the background of the man's office. Roch doesn't keep pet cobras: he collects Chinese art. Only the degree of decadence in their tastes distinguishes them.

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Unreproached by love, their consciences, or their director, Roch and Capella have risen to be the gangland bosses of Marseilles. But in the end Capella is shot to death by unknown assailants. As he dies in the arms of his friend Roch, Deray strains to make us feel his fate as a tragedy. Although Deray has enjoyed himself thoroughly in his film, he now wants us to feel sorry for his characters anyway. But it's too late for that sort of thing. Without either villains or villainy, nothing is tragic. Deray has accepted all along the make-believe code of the underworld he's created. According to that code, no man dies pathetically: everybody gets what's coming to him. As in shadow-boxing, the decision is always a draw.

The Conformist is a young aristocrat named Marcello Clerici (Jean-Louis Trintignant), and the new bourgeois order of Fascist Italy is what he wants to conform to. To accomplish this he's decided to do two things: marry a frivolous middle-class girl, and work for OVRA, Mussolini's secret police. As a cover for the latter, he uses his Paris honeymoon with the former. But in Paris there are complications. He falls in love with the wife of the anti-Fascist exile he's been sent to assassinate. Although he soon discovers that she's a lesbian who's stringing him along only for a chance to seduce his wife, he still attempts to protect her from her husband's fate. The attempt fails, however, and the assassination is performed by abler hands than his.

At the end of the Alberto Moravia novel on which the film is based, some airborne partisans shoot Marcello. The film's director, Bernardo Bertolucci, says that ending is too much like "divine vengeance." (He ends the film by having Marcello turn to homosexualism.) But one wonders whether Mr. Moravia couldn't make the counter-charge that Bertolucci's assassination scene is also a bit too much like bad Italian opera. Knife-wielding conspirators surround the aging exile in order to stab him again and again—and again. It is, we are to understand, the Ides of March. Fascism is murdering not just a man, but the State.

Bertolucci claims that in his films he's digging the grave of the middle classes. But in this film he's digging a grave for all humanity—or at least, all he can fit on the screen. If Deray is too much of a sentimentalist, Bertolucci is too much of a misogynist. Like the enemies of Roch and Capella in *Borsalino,* the man Bertolucci would cast as Caesar has only a minor role in his film. As a protagonist, he's simply not up to the heavy symbolical load he's made to carry. A tragedy without a hero succeeds no better than a tragedy without villains.

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TERRY EAGLETON

Given the depressing fact that the known details of Shakespeare's life would fit on a small postcard with room to spare, a 768-page biography of the poet must seem something of a literary joke. In fact, Professor Schoenbaum's monumental study (as its title suggests) is less a re-construction of Shakespeare's shadowy life than a sane and balanced appraisal of other men's re-constructions. For three centuries, a mystifying web of myth, surmise, fantasy and spurious legend has been spun across the gap in literary history which Shakespeare's life represents: Shakespeare was a poacher, a papist, a wife-hater, a calculating social climber, the father of the poet Davenant, the pseudonym of Francis Bacon or the seventeenth Earl of Oxford. We know roughly when he was born and precisely when he was buried; we can be fairly certain that he attended grammar-school, married Anne Hathaway when she was three months pregnant, had an excellent business-sense and was charitable in his later years to the Stratford poor. It's clear that he was admired and respected by many of his

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colleagues and spitefully slandered by one or two others; but how he came to enter the London theatre, what sort of life he led there and who his closest associates were remains almost wholly speculative. Placed beside the truculent, arrogantly extravert, firmly-etched figure of Ben Jonson, whose literary brawls, moral opinions and brushes with the law have descended to us in vivid detail, Shakespeare remains a vague shape on the air: a figure about whom we seem to know at once everything and nothing.

Professor Schoenbaum's study, far from filling this void with private fantasy, sets out to squeeze every drop of significance from the few known facts and to demolish the constructions of a whole line of editors, myth-makers and legend-spinners who have embroidered our meager knowledge with fictions of their own making. The first part of his book compactly assembles and assesses the verified evidence, moving easily between discussions of the authenticity of the one or two probable portraits of Shakespeare we possess to accounts of his contemporary reputation and the Shakespeare canon. The following six sections trace and analyze the images and legends of Shakespeare throughout the centuries, from the earliest rumors and biographies to the wrangling of modern Shakespearian scholarship. The result is a fascinating history of forgeries, inventions, wild theorizing and improbable fancies, interspersed with occasional flashes of sounder reasoning and saner research. (There is a particularly hilarious—although properly poker-faced—account of the theories of a certain J. Thomas Looney, a supporter of the claims of Edward de Vere to the authorship of Shakespeare's plays, who doggedly refused his publisher's suggestions of adopting *a nom de plume* in order to forestall the hilarity of the reviewers.)

Taken as a whole, Professor Schoenbaum's book constitutes a formidably learned piece of scholarship. It is densely researched, intricately argued and thoroughly readable, directed by a shrewd intelligence which is alert to, but rarely submerged by, the minutest detail of historical evidence. To follow a path as devious as this, through the thickest undergrowths of literary speculation and outright insanity, demands a more than average balance; and it is the book's easy blend of judiciousness and dry wit which comes through in the end as its most attractive quality. Yet one can't help feeling, even so, that the whole venture embodies something of a sad paradox. Almost 800 pages of beaver-like energy are expended on what can only amount, in the long run, to an essentially negative operation: an essential dispersal of hunch and error which leaves us finally little wiser about Shakespeare than we were before. No doubt this was worth doing: yet this prolonged unearthing of justly forgotten cranks and biographers has more than a little quality of misdirected energy about it. The book, inevitably, has no Conclusion, since no conclusion is possible: we are left with the flimsy shape on the air, having learned mainly what *not* to think.

Stanley Hyman's *Iago* is a much more lightweight affair altogether. Pursuing his concern that literary criticism should be 'pluralistic' (i.e., alive to a number of varying perspectives rather than narrowly engrossed by a single system), Mr. Hyman selects the character of Iago as a test-case for his theory and proceeds to illuminate him from different angles: as stage villain, as Satan, as Artist, as latent homosexual and as Machiavel. His conclusion, predictably, is that each of these approaches has something to offer and that the truth about Iago lies in some mutual interpenetration of them all. The trouble with the book is that it is neither particularly impressive as practical criticism nor particularly persuasive as a theoretical case. The practical criticism varies from the shallow and derivative to the painfully thin, and it is, in any case, a purely *thematic* critical method, which treats *Othello* as a casebook and leaves the whole poetic art of the play in curious suspension.

The theoretical case for 'pluralism' doesn't fare much better. Mr. Hyman's concern to rescue literary works from the rigid preconceptions of critical 'schools' is, of course, valuable and important; but just as it is a condition of the meaning of a word in a language that there must be at least *something* with which it is incompatible, so it is a condition of the substantial presence of a work of literature that there must be something it *can't* mean. Mr. Hyman, who believes that all of his critical approaches are "equal and cooperating," fails to see that certain literary perspectives on certain works just *are* more productive and appropriate than certain others; he remains caught within the fundamental liberal fallacy that every facet, angle or emphasis makes its valid contribution to the great *ensemble* of truth. If you believe with Hegel and Mill that truth is such a neatly integrated totality, rather than with the Christian gospel and Karl Marx that truth is radically "one-sided," you will have a problem in knowing where to stop: in knowing where, if anywhere, to begin critically discriminating *between* your perspectives. If Iago as latent homosexual, why

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not Iago as emergent proletariat? Significantly, Mr. Hyman *is* constrained in his Conclusion to rank his perspectives in some sort of hierarchy; but this itself raises a question about the significance of 'pluralism' to which the book itself provides no response.

Anthony Burgess's *Shakespeare* is a lavish coffee-table affair, finely embellished with colorplates, but raised above the usual standard of such productions by a bright, racy, neatly intelligent text which compensates for its occasional fancifulness and facetiousness by packing a good deal of out-of-the-way information into its prose. It is knowledgeable and humorous, alternately sensible and quirky, and would make a good Christmas present.

Must We Mean What We Say?

STANLEY CAVELL

Scribner's, $7.95

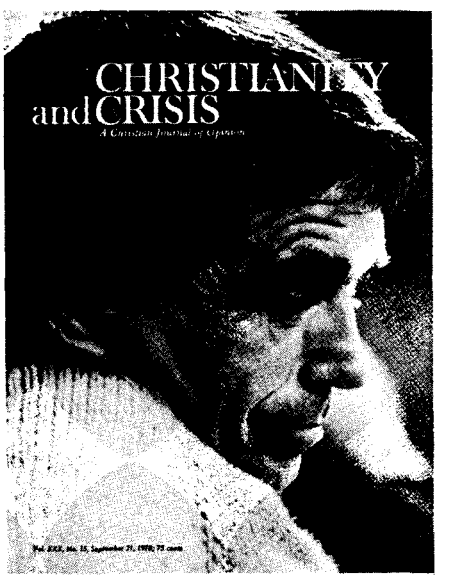
WALTER ARNOLD

A good question, but what difference does it make? Suppose *we* don't have to mean what our *words* mean, then what? But these questions are a sort of Irish answer to the first and are anyway premature. The real question is, Do we *know* what we say? Or do we know what we mean when we say anything? *Can* we know what we mean? And are these questions about language, or about the world, or about ourselves? As Professor Cavell suggests in this book of essays in philosophy, philosophy, like art and unlike science, is subject to general criticism, but not without sharing its burden.

These essays are both a convincing reminder of how much we need philosophy at present and a painful example, at least in part, of why we have learned not to turn to much of contemporary philosophy, at least not in the universities and not in the "linguistic line." For as the title suggests, Professor Cavell's preferred way of "doing philosophy" is that of "ordinary language analysis," deriving from Wittgenstein, the late J. L. Austin, Gilbert Ryle, John Wisdom and others. The most innovative practitioners of this analysis (Austin called it, interestingly, "linguistic phenomenology") have always conveyed a sense of the diversity of and wonder of language and the world. But too often their would-be disciples and imitators, especially in this country, have channeled their concerns in a single dreary dimension, a sort of inventory of "utterances." Worse, linguistic analysis has become in so many of its professors a know-nothing ideology and an academic party, narrowly conservative, for which if an issue is not recognized, it is not real.

The author is aware that the interests and principles of contemporary Anglo-American philosophy have been much too narrow. Accordingly, though he is committed to its methods, one of the chief purposes behind Professor Cavell's philosophizing seems to be to extend analytic philosophy's bases and the range of its interests. In doing so, though without intending it, he shows

DAN BERRIGAN



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the way out of "the fly bottle" of contemporary linguistic philosophy.

It is no accident that throughout these essays the author returns often to the question of the "audience," not only for the contemporary arts, which are one of certain chapters' chief subjects, but for "modernist" philosophy. For one of the effects of philosophy's "linguistic turn" is that it has turned away from philosophy a good many of its most natural audience, particularly among the young. But Professor Cavell is also aware of the mounting attack on analytic philosophy represented by sociological thinkers such as Herbert Marcuse, Ernest Gellner, Alasdair McIntyre and Lewis Feuer. Unfortunately its awareness results in defensiveness in a number of places in the book and in a kind of self-conscious concern over the nature of philosophy, which although legitimate and traditional, quickly becomes repetitious and parochial.

One of Professor Cavell's special subjects within philosophy is aesthetics, and five of the ten essays in his book concern aesthetic questions directly. If one thinks about it, aesthetics can be conceived widely enough to encompass all of philosophy, if not all of experience. In a key piece, "Aesthetic Problems of Modern Philosophy," the author claims that there is a sense in which philosophy is a special problem for aesthetics, rather than the other way around. As questions of art and art criticism often come down to seeing (or not), experiencing (or not) an object or the world in a certain way, so fundamental options in philosophy may come down to the same sort of thing: "You have reached conviction, but not about a proposition; and consistency, but not in theory. You are different, what you recognize as problems are different. ('The world of the happy man is a different one from that of the unhappy man' [Wittgenstein]." As Cavell further says, "All the philosopher, this kind of philosopher, can do is to express, as fully as he can, his world, and attract our undivided attention to our own." This seems to be part of what Wittgenstein and Freud and William James for that matter—were getting at. It also points to where philosophy and criticism must stop. The trouble with some philosophies is that they do not want to stop there.

This line of thought is implicitly subversive of much of what passes as "analytic philosophy" and links up with some of the most trenchant criticism of that approach. For where Professor Cavell often seems to want to follow Wittgenstein's (dubious) observation that "philosophy may in no way interfere with the actual use of language; it can in the end only describe it," he also wants to assert that, as in the case of art, "a strategy whose point is to break up our sense of the ordinary . . . also has claim to be called philosophical: this is perhaps why an essential response in both philosophy and tragedy is that of wonder." Now as far as there is an impasse in contemporary analytic philosophy, it seems to me that the impasse results largely from supposing "ordinary language" to be "natural" and a kind of norm. But it also seems to me that in his analysis of the situation in modern art and aesthetics, Cavell has pointed one way out of the impasse.

Some of the most interesting writing in the book is contained in two essays that are essentially readings of works of literary art, Beckett's *Endgame* and *King Lear*. The piece on *Lear* alone takes up one quarter of the volume, so there is no question of doing justice to it here.

The essay on *Endgame* ("Ending the Waiting Game") is not only the most memorable in the book but also the most illuminating discussion of the play and of Beckett's art that I have read. Some readers may find that the author over-interprets Beckett, making him much more theological, or rather anti-theological, than seems borne out by the text. But he has strikingly shown up the usual "philosophical" generalities about Beckett for the impositions they are. He has also supplied a revelation about *Lear* ("The Avoidance of Love") which has been missed the way the character of one's own street is often missed. As Professor Cavell says, both of these essays will be called "literary criticism," as if they were not also philosophy. The fact that their subjects supply richer material for philosophy than "ordinary language" ought to be pondered.

Social and political philosophy as such is almost entirely lacking in this book. The concerns are mostly those of a single man for individual matters. The tone is introspective and the audience is usually second person singular, not an unattractive fact. The absence of an overt social and political dimension is not surprising given the author's preferences in philosophical method and tradition. It has been noted before that the analytic persuasion is highly individualistic, its typical danger being solipsism. The sway of the present is largely against this individualism and the standard of rationality which it

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usually invokes. Nor is there a question that a counterweight to radical individualism is needed. But beyond a point philosophy is an essentially individual, or rather, personal phenomenon, and the danger now is that the young will become not unhappy lovers—"Philosophy inspires much unhappy love," the author observes—but haters of philosophy, misologists. In the wake of that alienation several sorts of madness will follow and have followed. Whatever its faults, Professor Cavell's book of essays makes it harder for us to keep up our guard against philosophy.

Holiness and Radicalism in Religious Life

THOMAS F. O'MEARA

Herder and Herder, $4.95

EUGENE C. KENNEDY

Thomas O'Meara begins this book with a helpful distinction between renewal and radicalism. Renewal, as he notes in later pages, all too often means rewriting the Constitutions of a particular religious order. Radicalism goes deeper, he says, beginning "with the root demands of being a Christian, and living in a Christian apostolic community." The sources of this are "the New Testament and the situation of today," and he quotes Tom Hayden to get the flavor he wants of provisional answers ready to be changed or discarded in the face of changing conditions. In somewhat circular fashion O'Meara reflects on this kind of radicalism as applied to the religious life which is in need, as he sees it, of something more thoroughgoing than re-phrased rules and regulations. At the end of the book he writes that he feels he has offered "a framework within which to think creatively," a somewhat more accurate description of what he has done than the one implied in the introduction.

This book, I think, is a highly personal document, despite the footnotes and the generally intellectualized approach to the various subjects discussed. Something in O'Meara's own experience of the Church and his work for the Gospel impelled him to get it down on paper. He is to be admired for this and I believe that many people will find this work a source of support, if not exactly a font of startlingly new ideas. It should be understood as adding up to something more than the lectures of which it appears to be a collection; it tells us something of the transforming experience of the last several years for the author, the notions that have moved him to look more deeply into his life and work, the authors whose works have opened a world of new questions for him. Although it does not seem so I think that this is a personal journal, and, as such, it reflects the kinds of processes that have taken place in the lives of many Christians. One might even have hoped that it could have been more personal, that some passion would have underscored the points made, that something about the real persons O'Meara knows rather than the philosophical person he prizes would have gotten into the pages. A reviewer should not examine the book the author did not write but I sense the presence of that book, a more individual and, therefore, more radical book, and I hope Tom gets around to writing it.

The great themes that have grown so familiar to us are reviewed and the old errors of religious communities are detailed. They make almost two sides of the same coin because they reflect, in general, the proper use or the abuse of persons, authority, or decision-making processes. After the case he makes against the past practices of religious life, one wonders what his answer will

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REVIEWERS

TERRY EAGLETON, the editor of the English monthly, *Slant*, and author of *Shakespeare and Society* (Schocken) and the forthcoming *Exiles and Emigrés: Studies in Modern Literature* (Schocken), is a Research Fellow in English at Jesus College, Cambridge.

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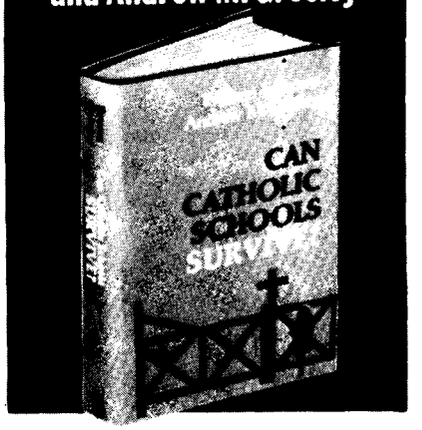
Hard-hitting answers to a vital question

CAN CATHOLIC SCHOOLS SURVIVE?

by William E. Brown and Andrew M. Greeley



"Can Catholic schools survive?" is not a rhetorical question. In answering it, the authors bluntly challenge many assumptions, explode many myths and indict many bishops and educators.

Father Greeley, author of such notable books as *New Horizons for the Priesthood*, argues cogently that unless Catholic educators recover a clear understanding of the unique values of Catholic education, their schools not only will not survive, but will not deserve to.

William Brown, an attorney who served as a member of the Milwaukee Archdiocesan Task Force on Education, maintains that public support of Catholic schools is neither necessary, desirable nor effective. He demonstrates how the Church itself, without undue burden, can support its present commitment to education. For clergy and laity, this is an essential book.

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be when he asks whether religious life has a future. I am not sure that he ever answers that question very radically. His restyling of religious life, as I read it, is grounded still in the notions of full-time persons living in celibate communities, even though they practice the vows in an enlightened way. One of the disappointments for me in reading this book was its failure to be as bold or visionary as one might have expected. It is a book filled with good things but it is more a highly advanced form of the renewal which he defines early on rather than a blueprint for a radical rethinking of religious life.

This book has real value, I think, for two groups in the church: Those who need encouragement in the always difficult and often lonely task of getting their own group moving, and for those older people whose fundamental openness will help them respond to this book's message positively by giving up long-term notions that things will get "back to normal" soon. By encouraging the one group and convincing the other, O'Meara will have performed a great service to the Church.

O'Meara's instincts seem so right that you keep hoping that he will carry his speculations as far as possible. More often than not he turns this task over to the reader, pumping out a paragraph or more of rhetorical questions and passing on to something else. This makes for a vague feeling of *déjà vu* from chapter to chapter, the sensation that one has fallen into the middle of one of Roger Greenspun's inconclusive *New York Times* movie reviews. One is reminded of modern movies as one goes through this book, of modern movies with their eye for every detail and their feeling for places and times. O'Meara has all this, with all the right names from McLuhan through Hammerskjold to Teilhard, but it is a familiar trip, not nearly as inventive or innovative as the title suggests.

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CORRESPONDENCE

(*Continued from page 115*)

kind envisioned could rule on these matters. This is not the way our society is run. But it could call to the attention of the public some of the dimensions involved and alert the scientific community to what it is getting into.

AMITAI ETZIONI
Chairman, Dept. of Sociology
Columbia University

Ordaining Women

Chimbote, Peru

To the Editors: Our issue of *Commonweal* arrives at this overseas address some six weeks after publication, but the recent earthquake here delayed the issue of May 13 even longer. Only recently then have I seen Father Joseph Fichter's plea for the ordination of women to the priesthood. A flaw therein, basic to his argument, is the assumption that the sacrament of the Christian priesthood should be used as a means to achieving in the church a certain end, viz., equality of treatment for women. As inequitable as the treatment of women in the church may be, this inequity will never lead theologically to the conclusion that women therefore should be ordained to the priesthood. Because of its nature, the sacramental priesthood simply cannot be treated merely as a means to this end, as noble as the end may be. Any consideration of the ordination of women to the Christian priesthood must be treated essentially.

What lines of discusison would I suggest? To start with, one would have to consider the nature of the priesthood generically. A very general but sufficient concept of priesthood would be mediation between God and the community. Here, I think, everyone would agree that there is no intrinsic necessity of the priest being a man. Any human person, man or woman, could stand as mediator between God and the community if properly designated. No doubt anthropologists and historians of religion could cite instances where women very admirably fulfilled such a role.

The next step in the argument would be a discussion of the specific priesthood of the Christian dispensation, i.e., the priesthood established by God in the person of his own Son become incarnate. The discussion must start here because in God's economy the human priest only participates, in some mysterious way, in the unique priesthood of Jesus Christ.

This, it seems to me, is where proponents of ordaining women to the priesthood will have to confront a basic theological problem. In as much as the priesthood of this or that human is a sacrament of the priesthood of Christ, one will have to ask to what extent masculinity is necessary to this "sign" which the sacrament is. In as much as God's wisdom rules all of his actions, the sign which is the sacrament will have an aptness and fittingness for pointing toward the richness and mystery of the divine reality.

For example, St. Paul says that the conjugal union is a sign of Christ's union with the church. That is, the conjugal union of two Christians, real and perfect in itself, is also a sacra-

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mental sign of something even more real and more perfect, beyond itself, namely, the union of Christ with his church. And Monsignor Ronald Knox, in one of his Corpus Christi sermons, suggests that as true and as perfect as bread may be as food, it is only a sign of something even more true and more perfect as nourishment, namely, the Eucharist.

Thus it may be that a man has an aptness to represent the priesthood of Jesus which a woman simply does not have. I am sure no one is so obtuse as to infer that this line of reasoning argues for some sort of univocal superiority of man over woman any more than the other two arguments conclude that, *ceteris paribus,* Christian matrimony is superior to consecrated virginity or bread is superior to meat. This would be crass ratiocination indeed.

No, this line of reasoning only suggests that there is a sacramental necessity that those who stand as signs of Christ's priesthood be men. On the premise that a sacramental sign should reflect as perfectly as possible the divine reality towards which it points, the basic argument that the Christian priest must be a man because God's Son, who was to become the one unique high-priest, became incarnate as a man still stands irrefragable. But even beyond this fact, there are many other truths in the mystery of Jesus' priesthood which the sacramental sign must represent, such as his eternal fatherhood (Isaiah 9:6), his role as savior of the church and his divine condition as somehow "bridegroom" to his spouse, the church (St. Paul). These, among other divine realities, seem able to be represented only by a man.

Granted that these reasons are only partial and not necessarily apodictic, they point the way which the discussion will have to take. And beyond these reasons lies another argument even more formidable, the constant tradition of the church that the minimum conditions for receiving the sacrament of the priesthood are that the subject be a man and be baptized. In matters of the sacraments, the constant tradition of the church (something quite distinct from mere legislation) is an even more forceful argument than the reflections given in the first part of this letter.

In concluding, I must admit that my impression after reading several articles on this topic is that the protagonists of ordaining women to the priesthood are basically concerned about justice and charity for women within the church. I suspect that as this goal is attained in the renewal of the church, the question of sacred orders for women will disappear into the history of our age as a sign of a deep concern about the recognition of woman's value and dignity. This cause is really so much more pressing that I regret so much energy is misdirected towards the promotion of women to the priesthood.

MARTIN EGAN, O.P.

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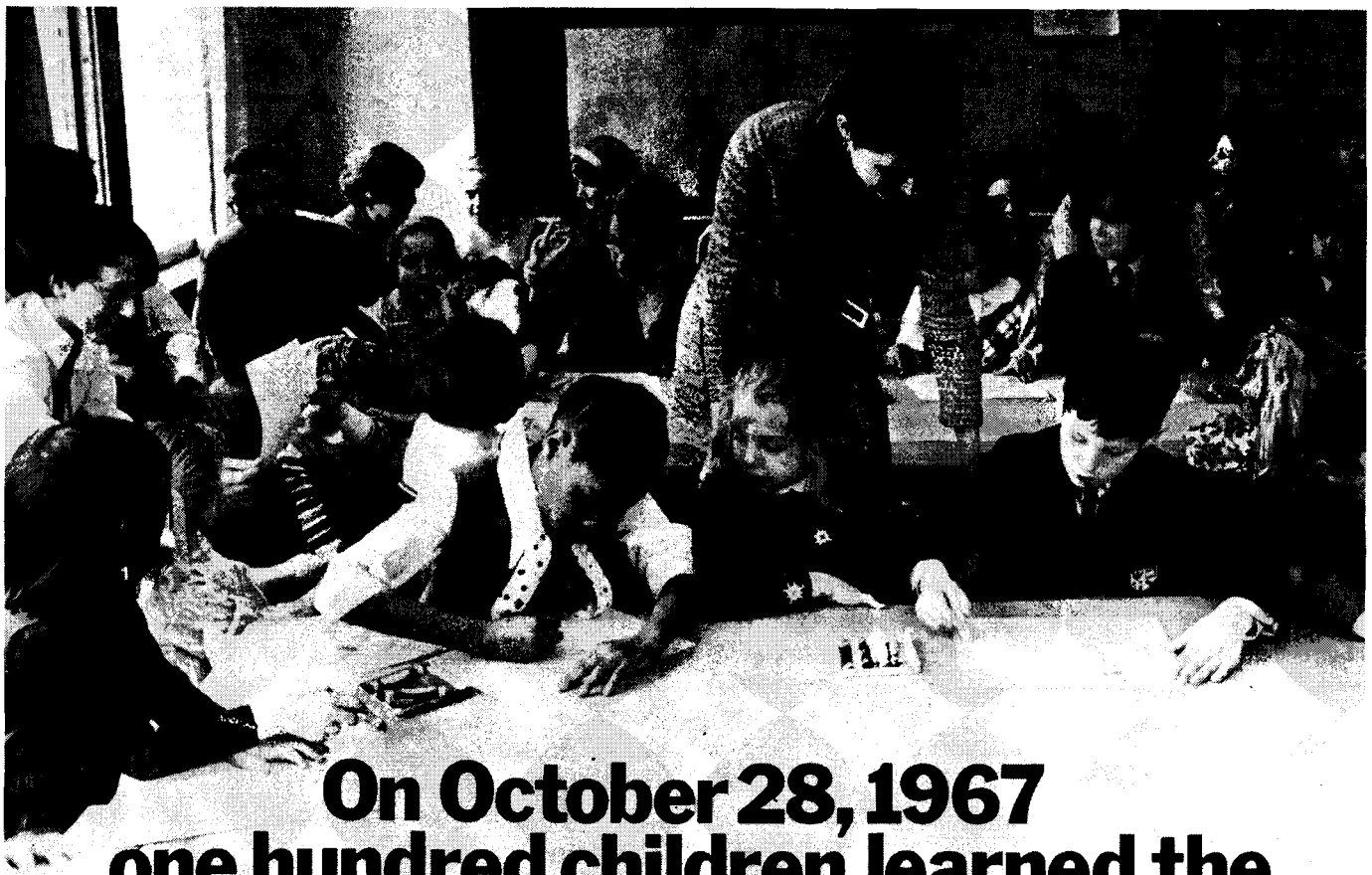

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